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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 347.)

A HAPPY DAY.

A Farcical Comedietta,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

J. H. WALLACE.

TOGETHER WITH


A Description of the Costumes—Cast of the Characters—Entrances
and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the
Stage—and the whole of the Stage Business.

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| | M. | F. | | M. | F. |
|--|----|----|---|----|----|
| 141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 3 | 1 | 124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch.... | 2 | |
| 73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5 | | | 111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act..... | 6 | 1 |
| 107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene..... | 6 | 2 | 139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc. 5 | 2 | |
| 113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes..... | 7 | | 50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes..... | 6 | |
| 133. Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a. 3 | 1 | | 64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene..... | 4 | 1 |
| 42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene. 2 | 1 | | 95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene..... | 11 | |
| 79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act..... | 1 | 2 | 67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene... 6 | | |
| 40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene..... | 4 | | 4. Eh? What is it? sketch..... | 4 | 1 |
| 6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece..... | 4 | | 136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc. 6 | 1 | |
| 10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene.... 3 | | | 93. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4 | 1 | |
| 11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes 4 | 1 | | 52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene..... | 10 | 1 |
| 146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 | 25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene..... | 2 | 1 |
| 110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality..... | 4 | 2 | 88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act 4 | 2 | |
| 126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce.... 4 | 2 | | 51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene. 2 | | |
| 127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch. 3 | 1 | | 152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch..... | 6 | |
| 128. Bobolino, the Black Baudit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 | 106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes.... | 8 | 1 |
| 120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes..... | 3 | 1 | 83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc. 2 | 2 | |
| 78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes..... | 5 | 2 | 77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | |
| 89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene..... | 4 | | 17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act..... | 2 | |
| 24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2 | | | 58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc. 4 | | |
| 108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch..... | 2 | 2 | 31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes.... 3 | | |
| 148. Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 6 | 2 | 20. Going for the Cup, interlude..... 4 | | |
| 35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | | 82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene. 3 | | |
| 112. Coining Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes..... | 3 | 1 | 130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | |
| 41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes..... | 8 | 1 | 86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | |
| 144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc.. 4 | 1 | | 70. Guide to the Stage, sketch..... | 3 | |
| 140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene.... 5 | 1 | | 61. Happy Couple, 1 scene..... | 2 | 1 |
| 12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene.... 3 | | | 142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene..... | 1 | 1 |
| 53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc. 5 | 1 | | 23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene. 5 | 1 | |
| 63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene 3 | 1 | | 118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act..... | 6 | |
| 131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | 1 | 3. Hemmed In, sketch..... | 3 | 1 |
| | | | 48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc. 6 | | |
| | | | 68. Hippotheatron, sketch..... | 9 | |
| | | | 150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene 6 | | |
| | | | 71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | |
| | | | 123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | |

A HAPPY DAY.

A Domestic Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

By RICHARD HENRY.

penal. of
Richard W. Butler &
Henry C. Newton
ADAPTED FOR THE AMERICAN STAGE

By H. L. WILLIAMS.

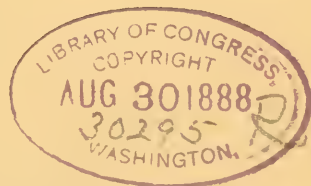
FIRST PRODUCED AT THE GAITY THEATRE, LONDON, OCT. 11, 1886.

34
TOGETHER WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

New York :
DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 33 ROSE STREET.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

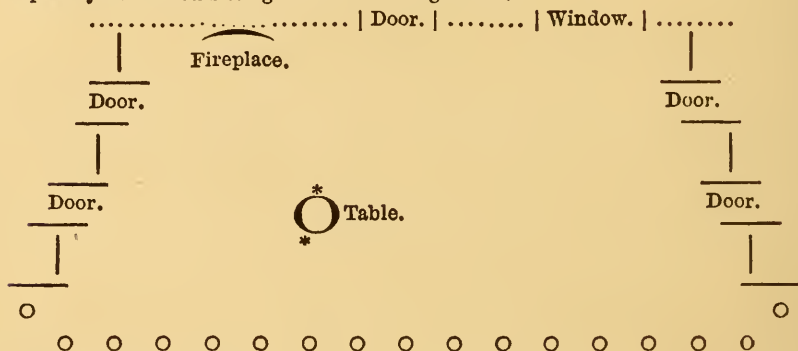
*Gaiety Theatre,
London, Oct. 1886.*

T. JAWKINS (foreman and father of eight) low comedy.....Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.
 MRS. JAWKINS (his wife), comic old woman.Miss H. COVENTRY.
 ANGELINA (beloved by Edwin, age seventeen), }Miss BEALE.
 SOPHONISBA (age fourteen and a half), }Miss TERRISS.
 TOMMY (twelve and a half), }
 WILLIAM FREDERIC (ten), } their family. .
 FRANCIS ROBERT (eight), }
 BERTIE ADOLPHUS (six), }
 MONTAGUE } (four),
 MONTMORENCY }
 EDWIN (beloved by Angelina), walking gent.....
 KEWTON (a detective), character or heavy.....Mr. LE HAYS.

 TIME IN REPRESENTATION—ONE HOUR.

SCENERY.

A plainly furnished sitting-room in 2 or 3 grooves.



Closed in. Door in flat and at R. 1 E., L. 1 E., R. U. E. and L. U. E., all practicable; carpet down; cheap engravings and prize chromos on walls; round table and two chairs, R. C.; painted fireplace and window on flat. Fireplace has gas fire ready to be touched up alight.

COSTUMES.

JAWKER.—Appears in trousers and vest; afterwards in a fancy tweed suit; rather English in appearance.

EDWIN.—Walking suit, straw hat.

KEWTON.—Dark suit, Derby hat.

MRS. JAWKINS.—Appears partly attired; then in a showy summer dress; sun umbrella.

ANGELINA.—Appears in wrapper and curl papers. She is sentimental. Summer dress.

SOPHONISBA.—Appears in wrapper; front curls in paper. She is lively and laughing. Summer dress.

THE CHILDREN.—Appear in night-dresses, then in best clothes.

[For Properties and Stage Directions, see last page.]

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A HAPPY DAY.

SCENE.—JAWKINS' parlor. *Early morning; lights down; stage dark. Curtain rises in silence. Children make a noise off L., scuffling and screaming.*

Enter, L. U. E., TOMMY, WILLIAM, FRANCIS, and BERTIE, quietly, in their bedgowns, hair on end. They creep on tiptoe to R. 1 E. door and knock loudly.

BOYS. Father! Mother! It's time to get up. We shall miss the train! we sha'n't catch the train! (*and so on ad. lib. Then they knock loudly.*)

VOICE OF JAWKINS (*off R. 1 E.*). Confound you all! Be quiet! Shut up!

MRS. JAWKINS' voice is now heard same; then a lull; then enter, L. U. E., MONTAGUE and MONTMORENCY, with toy spades and pails. *The boys fight and hammer on door R. 1 E.*

Enter, R. 1 E., JAWKINS, partly dressed, with a candle. Lights up. He has a bootjack in hand. He hunts the children round three times; they go off L. U. E. at the third round; he hits at the last, he misses him, gets his finger caught in the door, howls, is released, staggers to R. C., and sinks exhausted into chair.

JAW. (*puffing*). Oh, to think that I, an indulgent parent, should have to persuade my offspring into obedience by means of a bootjack! And all this comes of arranging to take 'em out for a day's pleasuring. I told Mrs. J. what it would be when we first began to save up, so as to enjoy ourselves on this, our eighteenth wedding-day. Directly she proposed to take the children I warned her that the lives of Fox's Book of Martyrs would be peaceful and happy compared to ours. But of course she had her way. I should like to find a woman who didn't—especially when, as often happens, that woman is a wife. Of course I yielded. I should like to see a man who wouldn't—especially when, as also often happens, that man is a husband. And this is the result. Here they are beginning before daybreak. What it will be by noon, goodness only knows! I shudder to think of it. Ah, well, it won't be much use to go to bed again. I should have to laudanum the lot before there'd be a chance to get a single wink, let alone forty. I may as well potter about and quietly get ready. (*rising*) I'll call Angelina, for her mother won't be up yet—not she! Not that you can expect your missis to be too much of a bond-slave on her eighteenth wedding-day—eighteenth anni-

versary, I mean, of course. So here goes! (*crosses to R. 1 E.*) Angelina! (*pause*) Angy, my child, wake up! It's getting late. Better tell her that, or she won't move for hours. Angy, I say!

VOICE OF ANGELINA (*off R. in muffled tones*). Yes, pa!

JAW. "Pa," indeed! That's some of her mother's lofty teaching. Hi! emerge from under that there blanket, I say. We shall miss the boat.

ANGE. (*sobbing*). I don't care if we do—so there.

JAW. (*coming c.*). Hoity-toity! here's some more of it. Got one of her tantrums on, I suppose. I've heard some old chap in the play, when I went in with an order once, tell parents to "make straws their children." I s'pose these grow up to make the men of straw in the savings banks that we've all been bitten by. I wish I'd taken his advice. Though I find those twins something similar. They're the last straws—they are; and I'm the camel's back—I am. They say there's no rest for the wicked. I don't know about that; but, judging from my own case, I'm sure there's none for the virtuous. Angelina, I say—do you hear me? Sophie, just punch her, will you? And also rouse yourself while you are about it. (*coming down R.*) I don't see why I should do everything, even if I am going to take you all out for the day. D'ye hear? Wake up, I say!

Enter, R. 1 E., ANGELINA and SOPHONISBA, both in deshabille and curl-papers. ANGELINA sinks dolefully into chair, R. c, while SOPHONISBA lights fire, etc. (Fire can be off, and SOPHONISBA can re-enter quickly.)

Ah, that's right, Soph; you're the sort of gal for my money. That's right, bustle about. And you, Angelina, for goodness sake wake up and do something. Go and dress them twins, or wash the others, or do something. Don't sit there looking like Mrs. Macbeth when she walks in her sleep. Wake up, I say, and pull yourself together. We sha'n't get to Coney Island to-day.

ANGE. (*weeping*). I don't want to go to Coney Island to-day, pa!

JAW. Don't "pa" me! Why not? It's the place to spend a happy day, ain't it?

ANGE. (*romantically*). Not without *him*. There can be no happy day for me where *he* is not!

JAW. He! Come, none of these highsterics; they don't suit your station in life. Just dry them tears and bustle about. Dry them tears, I say, and at once! If you don't want to go to Coney Island, I'm sure I don't mind. It will be one fare less to pay. And I'm sure we've got plenty of fares to find, to say nothing of feeding you all. (*during this speech SOPHONISBA makes faces at ANGELINA and teases her, aside*) It won't take long to make a hole in the little sum your mother and me has been putting by for this auspicious occasion. The first outing we've had since the end of our honeymoon, when we went to Lincoln Park for a day, out of an X as was sent to the newspapers for me for pulling a chap out of the water as wanted to drown himself. Seemed as though he also wanted to poison himself, seeing as he jumped into the river at Astoria—the stream is very *strong* there, in more ways than one. I drew out our savings yesterday. Let me see; how do we stand? Three wholes at one-half; seven halves—Soph will pass for under twelve—

SOPH. (*pouting*). Oh, shall I? and in my new long dress, too?

JAW. Be quiet: don't interrupt me when I'm counting. I can't bear being interrupted when I'm reckoning up figures. Go you and help

those youngster, if Angy won't. Let me see ; where was I ? There will be seven halves at a quarter, and three wholes at a half ; that's thirteen quarters for fares alone. Whew ! Then there's a quart of ice cream at fifty cents, with another dime for the waiter—for we'll take our own plates along.

ANGE. (*haughtily*). Please, pa, I don't want to go, I tell you.

JAW. (*sneeringly*). Then stop at home, my weeping-willer ; and as for the ice cream, there'll be more for them as wants it. And, if you don't just drop those airs and graces, I'll know the reason why, or my name ain't Jawkins.

SOPH. (*dancing wildly round ANGELINA*). Yah ! I know why she don't want to go. It's because her fiancée, Edwin, can't get away to go too. Yah !

ANGE. (*furious and weeping*). You forward young minx ! I'll box your ears for you—that I will. And I won't have him called Edwin by every one in the house. His name's Mr. Walkerton to all in this house but me—so there.

JAW. Oh, that's why you're lolling about, and refusing to take them "crackers" out of your hair, is it ? Putting on airs about that highly-flighty clerk chap, are you ? Well, we'll soon see about that.

MRS. JAWKINS, *also in curl-papers, appears at R. U. E. She pauses, agast, as she is about to enter room.*

ANGE. (*slapping SOPHONISBA viciously*). But, pa—

JAW. Don't "pa" me. I won't be pa'd. I'm your parent, and I work for a living, and father's good enough for me. "Pa" is only for people who belong to the aristocracy, or who want to make you think they do. I won't have such ways. It's some of your mother's loftiness, that's what that is.

MRS. JAWKINS (*at doorway*). Oh, indeed, Mr. J. ! Is that the way you undermine a mother's authority ?

JAW. Oh, it's you, mother, is it ? Come at last, and not before you're wanted, either. Here, just talk to this young woman. Here she is moping and carrying on, and won't do this, and won't do that, just because that namby-pamby lawyer's clerk has "gone to business," and can't go to Coney Island. Business ! Bah ! We used to call it going to work, but most of the young fellers of the day don't know what work means.

MRS. J. Well, Mr. J., is that any reason why the poor child should be brow-beaten ? Just because she is sensitive, like myself.

JAW. I wouldn't mind her being sensitive if she'd only be sensible. She's too romantic—that's what's the matter with her. Why ain't she like Soph yonder ? (*ANGELINA and SOPHONISBA quarrelling apart.*)

MRS. J. I presume you mean Sophonisba, Mr. J. She is a hoyden - a perfect hoyden. I admit that she is industrious ; but that's no reason why this poor frail girl should be made a butt—

SOPH. Yah ! She ought to be put in one.

MRS. J. Silence, Sophonisba ! How dare you ?

ANGE. (*weeping and clinging to her mother*). Yes, how dare you ?

JAW. (*to MRS. J.*). Bah ! You are as bad as she is—worse, in fact, for you're older.

MRS. J. And what if I am older, Mr. J. ? Is there anything surprising in that ?

JAW. No, I suppose not. It's not an unusual thing, though some mothers would like make themselves out younger than their daughters.

But what I complain of is, that you encourage Angy in making up to this quill-driving chap, instead of making her choose a solid, steady working-man like her father. (SOPHONISBA *is busy at buck getting youngsters ready. Occasional hubbub.*)

MRS. J. (*loftily*). Do you think that your manners and customs, Mr. J., are of a kind to induce our first-born to yearn for a husband selected from the working classes? I do not. If I stooped so low, my child shall not.

JAW. (c.). Stooped, indeed! I like that—I mean, I don't like that. If I wasn't wealthy when you married me, I was at least handsome, and you know it—and (*with emotion*) you used to call me your own "Jawkey" in the days when you were a lady's-maid, and I was foreman at Woodlog & Co.'s timberyard. And you used to say that you was proud of me, and so you was. And when you saved up, and I saved up, and we got married, and my fellow-workmen came and pelted us with hand-fuls of rice as we came out of church, and drove off in the hack, you said you was the happiest woman in all the four hemispheres of the globe—and so you was. And I said I wouldn't change places with the head of the Vanderbilts. (*with pathos*) No, was it ever so, nor more I wouldn't. And now here we are on the eighteenth anniversary of what we both know was the most happiest day of our lives, squabbling over our first-born, our daughter and heiress. Now, mother, old gal, (*drawing near her coaxingly*) I ask you, as a maternal woman, does this strike you as being a appropriate and also fitting manner of celebrating our united nupchules? Jest you answer me that, mother.

MRS. J. (*softening*). Well, Jawkins, I don't say that it is. But you do carry on and aggravate a person so. Now, for instance, last Saturday night, you took yourself off, knowing very well that Angelina had gone walking out with her bean, and that Sophonisba had gone to fetch the arrants, and there was no knowing when she'd be back, and the two boys was out a-parading the streets with the Salvation Army, and I was obliged to keep indoors and mind the children, and couldn't come out to see after you—and off you went, and came home at a nice time!

JAW. (*uneasily, and trying to avoid the subject, and assisting to get the children ready at back*). Well, my dear, never mind that now. I—

MRS. J. But I do mind, Jawkins. It's a wife's place to mind, and to mind that she makes her husband mind. (*aside to ANGELINA*) Bear that in mind, my dear. (*aloud*) And I think I had cause to mind, seeing that you took yourself off again on Sunday morning before anybody was up, and came home when it suited you, an hour and a half after the dinner had been fetched from the Dutch baker's, (JAWKINS *fidgets uneasily about*) and refused to give an account of yourself. But I have not done with the subject yet. I warn you!

JAW. (*aside*). I can quite believe that. (*aloud, coming forward*) Well, even husbands, my dear, are not always immaculate, and I don't pretend to be much immaculater than my brother husbands. But come, old gal, do let us sign a flag of truce, or rather an *army stitch*, and embrace and make it up. (*pathetic again*) After being husband and wife to each other for eighteen years, and after having struggled on together, so fond of each other as we are, and bringing up a large family, it is hard—I don't know anything harder than bickering and carrying on on such a day as this. So give us a kiss, mother, old gal, so as to know there's no ill-feeling.

MRS. J. (*smiling*). Well, there! (*they embrace*) Ah, Jawkey, (*nestling her head on his shoulder*) I don't know where we would have been if we hadn't been fond of each other—do you?

JAW. No, mother; except perhaps in the divorce court; and we should both have had to save up a lot before we could have afforded that. (*kissing her again*) But sharp's the word, missis. Time is on the wing, as they say; though I think it would be properer to say that the wing's on Time. We sha'n't get that 'scursion boat if we don't bustle about. (*hurries about stage*) Time and tide, you know, wait for no man, nor for his family either. And the tide here is more punctual than most tides, because, you see, his stated hours of going and coming is always booked in advance in the almanacs, just as if he was a train, and of course we couldn't expect him to alter his time without due notice. So hurry up, all of you, (*bustles about, eating bread and butter as he goes about*) pop on your things, and hey for the rolling tide.

MRS. J. (*busying herself*). Lor' bless me, Jawkins, I hope it don't roll much. If it does I shall be ill—I know I shall. Does it roll much?

JAW. Lor', no; not it.

ANGE. (*now crossed to L.*). And I shall be ill too, for I was when Edwin and I went on the steamer from Canal-street to Neversink Park.

JAW. Aha! fancy being ill over a roll! Come, toddle away, Angelina, and relieve your locks from the thralldom of those crackers.

ANGE. (*livening up*). But oh, pa, think of Edwin being left alone by himself! Think how lonely he will be after six! What will he do?

JAW. (*aside*). Be off to some variety show, or somewhere, I dare say. I know I should. (*aloud*) Oh, never mind about him; he'll be all right. He's got the law to console him.

ANGE. (*by door R. 1 E., dreamily*). The law! But what is the law, compared to love?

JAW. Well, love is often much cheaper. I must admit, and certainly more easily understood by the masses. There, be off.

ANGE. (*aside*). Yes, I will finish this note (*takes paper out of her pocket*) which I began, telling Edwin how they forced me to go to this haunt of pleasure. Yes, I will go, since they insist upon it; but I will be miserable all day long. I will not be happy while Edwin is from my side—so there! And I will take care that my letter shall make him unhappy too; then our hearts will beat in unison; he will pine for my presence all day long. [*Exit. R. 1 E.*]

JAW. (*struggling with boots he is buttoning on one of the children, who is sitting on chair*). Here's this boy's boots kicked out at the toes again, and down at the heels, and only last week they had seventy-five cents spent on 'em; and half the buttons are off, of course; and—hang it—there goes another!

MRS. J. (*tying large flop straw hat on one of the little girls*). Oh, I declare it's dreadful; and I sat up a-Friday night stitching buttons on that boy's boots! (*to little girl*) Do keep your head still! How can any one tie a bow while you're wagging your head about so? I declare you children worry the life out of one between you!

JAW. Yes, and I declare that, what with one and another of 'em, I'm going baldheaded in this ceaseless struggle for boots and shoes, to say nothing of socks. They say there's nothing like leather, and evidently there ain't nothing like it—for wearing out.

SOPH. (*dressing bigger boy*). Oh, I say, mother, here's Willie got such a great big tear in his jacket!

MRS. J. (*tying sash on one of the little girls*). What, already! and only on Saturday night did I sit up and slave to make that jacket for that boy out of his father's old overcoat, which I turned and made look as good as new. (*crossing to boy and shaking him*) And where on earth did you do that? (*boy cries and mumbles something.*)

SOPH. (*taking boy away up stage*). He says one of the boys pushed him up against some railings, as they were coming out of Sunday-school yesterday afternoon.

JAW. (*getting on his things*). That's encouraging, that is. You send your offspring to places of worship to improve their minds, and they damage their clothes in the process.

MRS. J. I'll walk round and see your teacher about that next Sunday. I'll let him know what's what, for not keeping his eyes upon his scholars better than that.

JAW. Well, mother, old gal, you can hardly expect the man to look after the boy's clothes as well as his catechism.

MRS. J. Then I'll talk to the superintendent about it.

SOPH. Oh, mother, the superintendent can't help it. He has quite enough to do to stand on the platform and threaten to call up all the boys and girls who are making a noise. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

MRS. J. (*packing food, etc., in basket*). It's a nice thing for me. I must say, to go out with that boy's torn jacket on my mind all day, even if I darn it before I start.

JAW. (*getting coat, etc., on*). What, darn your mind, mother! Why, lor' bless you, I always thought that was sound enough.

MRS. J. Don't be idiotic, Jawkins. You know what I mean well enough. Only you—

JAW. Well, come on, all of you. We sha'n't be at the Island to-day, and the fun will be all spoilt. Hurry up there! Roll the call—I mean, call the roll, and let's start. Soph, Angy, Tommy, all of you, come on.

Enter ANGELINA, R. 1 E.: SOPHONISBA, L., followed by the eldest boy. All the other children rise and rush down to the front of the stage, and catch hold of JAWKINS' coat-tails. MRS. JAWKINS gives refreshment basket to SOPHONISBA, and ties her own bonnet-strings.

JAW. (C.). Now, then, are we all assembled? (*counting them*) Two, four, six, eight—yes. I think we're all here. Come on, old woman; take my arm, as you used to do in our old courting days, and let us away. And you, Angy, just look a little cheerful, and lend a hand with the other members of the Jawkins family.

MRS. JAWKINS takes his arm, SOPHONISBA busies about the group, ANGELINA sullenly snatches the hand of one of the little ones. They form a procession, big ones first, and make for C. D. in F.

JAW. (*near door*). Now then, away to the boat—to the boat!

Suddenly C. D. is thrown open, and KEWTON stands on the threshold, and bars the way.

KEWTON (*entering*). Oh, indeed, to the boat—eh? Not so fast, my friend—not so fast. There is no boat for you to-day. No, nor to-morrow neither, nor next week; nor perhaps never. As time and justice will show in due course at the U. S. District Court. (MRS. JAWKINS shrieks, all the children scream, general confusion.)

Positions.

KEWTON (*in front of door*). L. C.

JAWKINS (*looking at KEWTON*). C.

ANGELINA, SOPHONISBA. *Youngsters*, R.

MRS. JAWKINS, L. *Eldest Boy*, L. C.

JAW. (*recovering from consternation, and working himself up into a rage*). Well, if it ain't a rude question to ask a stranger which I haven't been introduced to, may I ask what is your business, sir?

KEW. (*coming down*). My business! Ha, ha! That's good.

JAW. (*satirically*). Oh, indeed! I'm very glad to hear that.

KEW. As if you didn't know my business. But we waste time. Come with me. The eye of the law is upon you.

MRS. J. (*hurriedly crossing to JAWKINS, c.*). What! (*shrieks*) The eye of the law upon my Jawkins! I'll not believe it. Why? What for? Horrible thought! Why, he hasn't been and committed bigamy?

KEW. Bigamy? No. It would be well for him if he had.

MRS. J. (*indignant*). And what may you mean by that, sir, may I ask? Do you mean to insinuate that I am not good enough for him?

KEW. That was not my meaning, ma'am, as I have no evidence upon that point. I mean, it were well for both of you, and also for your family, if that was all he had been guilty of.

OMNES. All!

JAW. (*dazed*). Here—look here! Will you have the goodness to explain why you invade my domestic hearthrug, fling all manner of abuse at me, and nip in the bud plans which, thanks to a day's holiday, I had prepared for my family's happiness? (*getting furious*) Don't grin at me like that, you interloper, or I shall be tempted to spoil one of my few chairs by breaking it over your head! (*business*.)

KEW. (*retreating*). These murderous instincts will avail you nothing. The law is not to be frustrated—even by furniture. You take my advice and come quietly.

JAW. Never!

MRS. J. (*imploringly*). But come where? And why?

KEW. Here—look here, my friend; do you mean to say that you don't know my charge?

JAW. No, I don't know it; but I hope it ain't much, for we have only just enough for our boat and exes.

KEW. My charge is a heavy one indeed, as you will find out. (*looks round, closes door—business*.)

MRS. J. (*L. of JAWKINS, and weeping*). Oh, Jawkins, Jawkins, whatever have you been and gone and done? Is it tampering with the till at your place of work? Oh, don't say that!

JAW. No, I sha'n't; because it isn't.

MRS. J. Then what crime is it? Ah, I have it. It must be betting?

JAW. No, it mustn't; because it isn't.

ANGE. (*R. of JAWKINS*). Oh, pa, what have you done to bring all this sorrow upon our young lives? And, oh, think, perhaps they will drag you to a dungeon!

KEW. You have guessed it at once, miss. It is the least he can expect.

MRS. J. And shall I stand by and see my Jawkins torn from me and taken to a prison-cell? No, it shall never be! My place is by his side, and well he knows it. With all his faults—with all his faults—and he's nearly all faults—I love him still. Children, gather round me, and help me protect your unhappy parent from this person.

ANGE., SOPH. and the others (*clinging round JAWKINS, c.*). Oh, father, don't let them take you away from us! Boo-hoo! (*and so on ad. lib.*)

JAW. (*pathetically*). Weep not for me, my offspring, and bear up, my stout but sincere wife of my bosom. Even a common jury wouldn't convict me without knowing what I was charged with, and they do uncommon strange things sometimes. So weep not for me—(*blubbering*) weep



not for me, my beloved olive branches. (*they cry louder than ever. He gets furious*) Oh, hang it all! Do stop that yelling and blubbering. Come, mother, old gal, wake up! Pull yourself together! Let us present a firm front to the enemy. Close up, and let us make a rush for it. For the Island! (*he takes hold of several of them and is about to dash out.*)

Kew. (*placing himself before door*). Not so fast, my friend. One step farther, and I summon my colleagues, who are posted at every turn of this confoundedly long staircase of yours, and you'll get "the Island" sure enough! A word, even a wink, from me, and they would show you scant mercy. So beware how you trifle with one of Slinkerton's detectives!

Jaw. (*dazed*). Ah, Slinkerton's defectives! (*sinks into chair exhausted*) Well, what next? Proceed—that is to say, go on.

Kew. (*exultingly*). That's better—much better! And so you would try flight, eh? and would pack yourself and your lovely but large family off to foreign parts, eh?

Jaw. Foreign parts be blowed! Coney Island is in the United States, I believe, or else my g'ography books at school was all wrong. Besides, I've seen it stated in the newspapers, so there's no denying it.

Kew. Be careful—be careful! I am not bound to admit the truth of that, or of anything you say. Moreover, all this may be taken down and used in evidence against you. Besides, this levity is ill-timed. Bear in mind, sir, you are known.

Jaw. Well, of course I'm known by the people I know.

Kew. (*approaching chair*). Shall I tell you who you are?

Jaw. Well, if you would be so kind—

Kew. Enough, sir! You are Lord Blonddeal, the British Fishing Commissioner, who harried our Cape Cod fleet and, in particular, towed the Sassy Sal of Newburyport into Halifax.

Jaw. You go there!

Mrs. J. The Sassy Sal!

Kew. Yes, and I shall take you as a hostage, now you have ventured on our soil. The captain of the Sassy Sal is still under bond, and blest if you won't be held to answer for the outrage, my sprig of nobility.

Jaw. Me a sprig!

Kew. Your disguise has been penetrated, (*solemnly*) and we know where you were Saturday night!

Mrs. J. } Saturday night!
Jaw. }

Kew. Ha! (*to Mrs. JAWKINS*) Do you know where he went and how he passed the evening?

Jaw. Hush!

Kew. I will not be bribed, Mr. Lord, in the execution of my duty.

Jaw. (*aside*). I see it all! Away goes all my future Saturday nights!

Kew. I don't mind enlightening you, madam; and I can, for I tracked this foreign interloper to his lair.

ALL. His lair!

Kew. I shadowed him into a saloon in Barber's alley. West Broadway.

Jaw. (*aside*). The Awfully English Shades! I'm lost!

Kew. And there, madam, in the midst of ultra Britannic beer, gennine Chester cheese, London music-hall ditties, and mystic rites—

Jaw. (*as before, with a sickly smile*). Our Saturday Night Harmonic Meeting. I am more than lost!

Kew. And then, madam, he was heard to sing, amid uproarious ap-

plause from his confederates, an English song in praise of some new nitro-glycerine explosive.

JAW. (*excitedly*). Why, I only gave 'em "The Blow-out in the Pantry."

KEW. Only "The Blow-out"! Why, he talks of revolutionary ditties as though they were drawing-room ballads. Yes, sir; 'twas enough—that one line, "Be in time for the Blow-out," was sufficient. This must be none other than the British agent, thought I; and I was not mistaken.

JAW. (*firing up*). Now look here; you be careful. I only wish what you said was true, and then I could bring an action for libel against you. And as for you coming here, and flinging charges and cheek against respectable native Americans, I'll—(*threateningly*.)

MRS. J. (*pulling him back, and putting him across to L.*). I knew it would come to this one of these days. No married man can stop out of a Saturday night without some villany comes of it. (*crossing to KEWTON, who has now crossed to R. C.*) But, sir, (*to KEWTON*) sinful though my husband has been in going to these vile free-and-easies without my knowledge, I'm the proper one to punish him; (*pathetically*) and oh, sir, he is otherwise innocent of anything noble, lordly or British, I assure you he is. I have known him many years, sir. He is the father of these dear children, and I'm their mother—his lawful wedded wife, sir; and none can say black's the white of my eye. And though my poor Jawkins is the most aggravating man that ever was, I know he couldn't be criminal if he tried ever so hard.

JAW. (*now down R. C., leaning on ANGELINA, who is weeping*). True, true; and I never even tried to be.

MRS. J. (*sharply, seeing KEWTON immovable*). And besides, man, it's all rubbish. His name is Jawkins, and was Jawkins long before I changed my own name for it. So you're only wasting your breath, my good man.

KEW. (*C.*). Ah, ma'am, you are his wife; hence, of course you'll take his part.

JAW. (*dreamily*). That doesn't always follow.

KEW. But, perhaps you'll tell me where he was on Sunday morning and afternoon?

MRS. J. (*looking severely at JAWKINS, who quails*). No; I do not know. Yet—

KEW. He was not at church, I suppose?

JAW. (*aside*). No; it was collection Sunday.

KEW. And so you thought to view the beauties of the ocean, I presume; and for that purpose you went with some of your fellow conspirators to Rockaway Beach; and there, in a lonely part—

MRS. J. Rockaway Beach! The wretch! wasting money and enjoying himself, and me at home, slaving to get his food ready, and minding his children! Is this true, Jawkins?

JAW. (*uneasily, coming C., and avoiding her gaze—aside*). Oh, lor'! now for it! (*aloud*) Well, my dear, it is true in a way; but only in a way. I—er—that is, Jones, who goes to the English saloon, and sings "See me Dance the Polka"—I mean, "The Heart Bowed Down"—he said—or rather insisted—that I—that is, he, or rather, we—should just for once in a way—not a regular thing, you know—should try—that is, attempt—

MRS. J. Enough, sir—

KEW. (*crossing to JAWKINS*). No, ma'am, it is not enough. There is more to come—much more. Perhaps your husband will explain what

was in the black box which he carried when he went away from Rock-away?

JAW. (*nervously*). Nothing.

KEW. And what was in it, pray, when you brought it back?

JAW. Nothing still; or, at least, very little more.

KEW. Hum! That remains to be proved.

MRS. J. Black box! He has no such box.

KEW. Pardon me, ma'am; you mean, not that you're aware of. Ah, I see that, although you may be his wife, you are not in his confidence. But to resume. That box he was seen to take with him. His companion had a similar box; but that companion I have not yet tried to trace. No. The ringleader first, said I; the rest will follow. Or, rather, I will follow them. Well, ma'am, when this unblushing criminal—

JAW. Yes, you can see me unblush.

KEW. When he, I say, and his companion arrived on the Beach they separated, and went different ways. I, disguised as a ferrotype likeness taker, observed them well. Then I missed them both. But later (for I kept hovering near the spot) they met again at the same place, and on their way back to the station they were heard to speak in a mysterious manner of "skeletons" and "deadheads."

MRS. J. and GIRLS (*shrieking*). What? Where?

JAW. (*hollowly*). Ha, ha!

KEW. There, now! I ask you, is that the laugh of an honest man? No, ma'am. There is secret assassination in every modulation of that guffaw! But to resume. And as they mentioned these horrible things, they grinned and tapped their boxes significantly. When your husband arrived home, fagged out, he was seen to bring that box here. (*movement of horror*) And it has not yet left the place. (*all scream and start to different corners*) Nor has it, I presume, gone off, or none of you would be here now. Yes, (*crossing to R.*) that box is secreted somewhere in these apartments; being saved, no doubt, in order that the infernal machines it contains may be used to blow up our shipping, or even the Statue of Liberty!

ALL. No!

KEW. Yes; or some other useful ornament. And now, sir, (*crossing to JAWKINS, who is going up stage furtively*) I demand to know where you placed that box?

MRS. J. Good heavens! Not in this house, I hope!

KEW. Produce it, I say!

JAW (*aside*). If that box is seen before I can smuggle it away to Jones, I am lost. No more Sunday outing for me. But I'll have one more try. (*aloud*) Look here, Mr. Intruder, I object to these charges in to-to. I'm an honest man—a man who works for his living, not one who would stay a fisherman from making his way, much less "shy" a revenue cutter! What right have you to imagine that I belong to those vile vermin?

KEW. The box, sir—the box! I am waiting—Slinkerton is waiting!

MRS. J. For goodness' sake, Jawkins, get rid of this man! Tell him the box he speaks of is not here. It cannot be.

KEW. Let him deny it at his peril!

JAW. (*aside*). Oh, well, I suppose I must face it, or I shall never get rid of him. Besides, it's evident I sha'n't get let out again on Sunday, so I may as well confess all. (*aloud, c.*) Very well, then, that box is here. It is under the children's bed.

[*Rushes off, R. U. E.*]

MRS. J. (*shrieking*). What, under the dear children's bed! The mon-

ster! It is there, then. And he would have blown the darlings into atoms!

KEW. Just so.

Re-enter JAWKINS, R. 2 E., with small black box. All scream and get back to corners. General confusion. MRS. JAWKINS shielding little ones under her shawl.

KEW. (*starting back to door, R.*). Put it down. It will go off.

JAW. (C.). I sha'n't put it down. Go off yourself, if you don't like it. It's mine, and I mean to open it. (*he goes to R. with it, and follows KEWTON all about stage*) I say I will open it, and clear off this charge for ever.

KEW. Yes, and he'll clear us all off with it. (*trembling*) I wish I hadn't so strongly insisted on its production.

JAW. (*frantically trying to open box with poker*). Now you shall see. (*fastens doors and comes down*) No one shall stir.

KEW. (*desperately*). You shall not open it. Apart from these trembling persons, (*trembling*) the life of Slinkerton's most intelligent officer shall not be jeopardized in this manner. (*they struggle, and box falls open on floor. All but JAWKINS start back as far as possible, and cover their eyes, waiting for the explosion. Pause.*)

KEW. (*nervously*). What's this? It doesn't explode!

JAW. Explode! Did you ever know fishbones and "sheepsheads" to blow anybody up?

ALL. Fishbones!

JAW. Yes; fishbones. Here they are. Two sheepshead heads and a skeleton soldier crab. At least, that's what Jones, who stuck the pins through 'em, said they was.

KEW. (*coming forward*). Fish! fishy! A subterfuge that shall avail you nothing. (*aside*) All seems safe; I will arrest him. (*bravely*) You are my prisoner.

JAW. Am I? Not if I know it.

They struggle all over the room. Wife opens the door and screams.

JAWKINS and KEWTON struggle to doorway. Suddenly EDWIN enters, R., and pulls them forward, still clutching each other.

EDWIN. What's all this? Hold!

JAW. (*clutching KEWTON*). We are holding!

ANGE. (*rushing to EDWIN*). Oh, Edwin dear! My Edwin! part them, if you love me.

MRS. J. Yes; part them, if you love her.

JAWKINS.—EDWIN.—KEWTON.

ED. Leave it to me. (*separating them*) You, sir, (*to KEWTON*) explain the meaning of this terrific struggle.

KEW. (*puffing, R.*). That man is a dynamiter!

JAW. (*puffing, L.*). That man is a fool!

KEW. Think not to evade the eye or the hand of the law. People don't carry black boxes and talk about skeletons and deadheads for nothing!

JAW. Skeletons and heads be blowed! Here they are. (*opening box again*) Two little fish anatomies! Specimens of Ichthyology, Jones calls 'em. All I did was to keep filling my shoes with sand, and was

five times threatened for trespassing ; and it strikes me you don't get me going Ichthyology hunting again on the Sabbath.

MRS. J. (R. C.). No! I'll take care you don't.

ED. (*laughing*). I say, I see it all, as they say on the stage. (*to KEWTON*) You seem to have made a nice muddle of all this. How came you to confound entomology with treason?

ANGE. (*aside to her mother*). What a flow of language Edwin has, ma!

KEW. Entom—what's his name, be hanged! That's all very well. That explains the black box and the deadheads, I grant you ; but what about the foreign song? What about the new explosive "to blow out the pantry," eh?

JAW. (*laughing, and dancing about*). Ha, ha! The new explosive! (*nudging EDWIN*) You know. (*sings*.)

There was cake and pie and beer and ale,
And we swam in a Bay of Bantry
Of genuine cham., till we all got full,
At the blow-out in the pantry!

(*all join in and dance around, as KEWTON glares on them furiously.*)

KEW. (*at door*). Ugh! Empty-headed frivollers! But no matter. If you're not a criminal now, you may be yet, and then look out. Remember, I've got my eye on the lot of you. [*Bangs door and exit, R.*]

JAW. He must have a big optic, mustn't he? (*preparing to start*) Well, now, let's be off.

ED. (*C., stopping him*). Stay! I have something to say to you.

ALL. You!

JAW. (*sinking into chair*). Oh, go on! Keep it up! Any more of you going on?

ED. Before you leave this house, I want your consent to my marrying your eldest daughter, Angelina.

SOPH. (*at back, with children*). Oh, how nice!

JAW. And if I refuse?

ED. Beware!

JAW. Oh!

MRS. J. (C.). Leave that to me, Edwin ; I will arrange that.

ED. Thanks. But the husband's the head of the house, or at least he ought to be. So I want his consent.

MRS. J. (*haughtily*). Head of the house! Is he? Oh, indeed! We live and learn. (*aside*) Wait till he's my son-in-law ; he shall suffer for this insult.

JAW. (*rising*). A sensible young fellow, upon my word. Well, I suppose I must, so—

ANGE. and ED. (R. and L. of JAWKINS). O bless you for those words!

JAW. But I haven't said 'em yet.

ED. Oh, that's all right. (*embraces ANGELINA*) You have given me your daughter. Generous man! You shall not lose by the transaction. I will give you something in return. Here (*placing papers in his hand*) is a cottage villa.

JAW. (*looking at papers sharply*). A what? Where? (*all come forward*.)

ED. At Sunnyside. Some years ago a man threw himself into the East River. He threw himself in because he was in love. You pulled him out.

ANGE. (*shocked*). What! Out of love?

ED. No: out of the water. The newspapers called you a "Hero in humble life."

JAW. (*proudly*). They did—and the public subscribed a ten-dollar bill for me. (*to Mrs. J.*) We went a buster on it.

ED. The man whom you rescued came out of the water a sadder, wiser and a wetter man. Soon he became a better man, yearning to do something for the benefit of his fellow-man, borrowed some money, took a liquor saloon, and, being a humane man, he diluted his spirits according to price, even more than is usual. Hence he prospered. Last month he died. This is a copy of his will (made by us). He, out of gratitude, having no relatives, leaves his cottage villa in New Jersey to you.

ALL. What!

JAW. Aha! (*dancing about*) Virtue is rewarded at last. I shall be a Vanderbilt yet. Come to my arms, all of you. (*hugs them all. To Edwin*) You always had my good wishes, Edwin. Take my Angelina. She is yours; nay, more, you shall come with us to Coney Island.

ED. I meant to do so, if you hadn't started. I got away early for that purpose.

ANGE. Oh, Edwin dear! I'm so glad. I shall now be able to look those ices in the face with a clear conscience. (*they retire up fondly.*)

MRS. J. Well, I must say things have turned out better than I expected, and (*embracing JAWKINS*) to think of my kind old husband being a Nero!

JAW. (*bustling about*). Come on! Hurry up! Two by two—little 'uns first. (*arranges procession*) To the mountain's brow—I mean, the river's brink—that is, the pier, the dock, or whatever they call it. Forward! March! Away! (*music lively. They march up stage all in order, and pass out, as the children all sing*)

We're all a-going to Coney, oh! (*repeat twice.*)

To spend a Happy Day.

Hip, hip, hip, hooray! (*twice.*)

Then repeat "We're all a-going," etc. As MR. and MRS. JAWKINS (last of the procession) file out with others at the door,

CURTAIN FALLS.


PROPERTIES.

Lamp and candle, bootjack, toy sand spades and pails, large picnic basket, a collector's small black box.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.³ means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

| | | | | |
|----|-------|----|-------|----|
| R. | R. C. | C. | L. C. | L. |
|----|-------|----|-------|----|

 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

☞ Please notice that nearly all the Comedies, Farces and Comediettas in the following List of "DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS" are very suitable for representation in small Amateur Theatres and on Parlor Stages, as they need but little extrinsic aid from complex scenery or expensive costumes. They have attained their deserved popularity by their droll situations, excellent plots, great humor and brilliant dialogues, no less than by the fact that they are the most perfect in every respect of any edition of plays ever published either in the United States or Europe, whether as regards purity of text, accuracy and fullness of stage directions and scenery, or elegance of typography and clearness of printing.

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| | M. | F. | | M. | F. |
|---|----|----|---|----|----|
| 75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts..... | 7 | 3 | 222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act.... | 3 | 2 |
| 231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts..... | 6 | 3 | 243. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts | 8 | 6 |
| 308. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act..... | 2 | 2 | 107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 |
| 114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act | 3 | 3 | 152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act... | 1 | 1 |
| 167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts... | 7 | 3 | 52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act..... | 3 | 1 |
| 93. Area Belle, farce, 1 act..... | 3 | 2 | 148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 |
| 40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act..... | 3 | 2 | 113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts..... | 10 | 4 |
| 89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act. | 3 | 3 | 20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts..... | 8 | 4 |
| 258. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts..... | 6 | 3 | 286. Daisy Farni, drama, 4 acts..... | 10 | 4 |
| 287. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act..... | 4 | 1 | 4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act... | 4 | 2 |
| 166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act. | 6 | 2 | 22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts..... | 8 | 3 |
| 310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a. | 6 | 2 | 275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act | 4 | 2 |
| 41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 2 | 96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act.. | 4 | 3 |
| 141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts..... | 9 | 3 | 16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts.... | 6 | 5 |
| 223. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 2 | 58. Deborah (Leah), drama, 3 acts..... | 7 | 6 |
| 67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act.. | 7 | 3 | 125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act..... | 5 | 1 |
| 36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts..... | 7 | 5 | 71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts.. | 5 | 3 |
| 279. Black-Eyed Susau, drama, 2 acts.... | 14 | 2 | 142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts.. | 9 | 4 |
| 296. Black and White, drama, 3 acts.... | 6 | 3 | 204. Drawing Room Car(A), comedy, 1 act | 2 | 1 |
| 160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts..... | 11 | 6 | 21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts..... | 6 | 3 |
| 179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts.. | 5 | 2 | 260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts | 6 | 3 |
| 25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta.. | 4 | 8 | 210. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a. | 15 | 5 |
| 70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act..... | 3 | 1 | 263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts.. | 13 | 5 |
| 261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts..... | 11 | 6 | 186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts.. | 6 | 4 |
| 226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 | 242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act..... | 4 | 2 |
| 24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 2 | 47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act... .. | 5 | 2 |
| 199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act..... | 6 | 2 | 283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical burlesque, 1 act..... | 8 | 1 |
| 1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts..... | 5 | 3 | 202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts.... | 11 | 3 |
| 175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.. | 11 | 5 | 315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act..... | 1 | 1 |
| 55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts..... | 12 | 5 | 297. English Gentleman (Au), comedy-drama, 4 acts..... | 7 | 4 |
| 69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.... | 4 | 1 | 200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 |
| 80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act..... | 4 | 3 | 135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts | 6 | 5 |
| 65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts..... | 6 | 5 | 230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts.. | 5 | 2 |
| 68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a. | 9 | 3 | 103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts | 9 | 7 |
| 219. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts..... | 5 | 2 | 9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act..... | 4 | 1 |
| 76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.. | 3 | 2 | 128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts.... | 11 | 4 |
| 205. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act..... | 1 | 1 | 101. Fernando, drama, 3 acts..... | 11 | 10 |
| 149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts..... | 8 | 7 | 99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts..... | 10 | 2 |
| 121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.... | 3 | 1 | 262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts..... | 13 | 4 |
| | | | 145. First Love, comedy, 1 act..... | 4 | 1 |
| | | | 102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts..... | 9 | 3 |
| | | | 88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act.... | 4 | 2 |

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

| | M. F. | | M. F. |
|---|-------|---|-------|
| 259. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts | 6 3 | 109. Locked in, comedietta, 1 act..... | 2 2 |
| 192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a.. | 3 1 | 85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch..... | 1 1 |
| 74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act..... | 7 4 | 87. Locked Out, comic scene..... | 1 1 |
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| 228. Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1. | 4 1 | | |

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| 27. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act..... | 3 10 | 1 act. | 6 1 |
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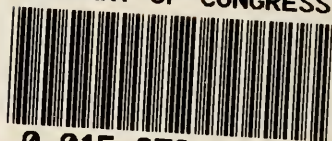
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